

Are You a "Tall" Girl?

Monday, Margery Wells Will Tell You What You Should Wear—First Article in a Series That Will Include Every Type of Figure.

To Dress Becomingly —YOU MUST— Know Your Own Type

Margery Wells, Fashion Authority, Says:

"In Choosing a Costume, Think of Your Own Peculiar Adaption to That Gown—That Is Just the Point Where Individuality in Dress Begins and Commonplace-ness Leaves Off."

Margery Wells, fashion authority, associate editor of *Le Bon Ton* and editor of the interior decoration department of *Women's Home Companion*, has been specially engaged by *The Evening World* to write a series of articles on "What You Should Wear," dealing with the various types of figures and in each case describing the clothes that are most becoming and those which should be avoided. Specially posed photographs will illustrate each article. The first article will be published on this page Monday.

By Margery Wells.

ARE you tall? Are you short? Are you fat? Are you thin? Well, don't think that you can wear exactly the same sort of frock if you are all of these things. That's a mistake that so many American girls are making daily. They are buying the dress because it looks "so sweet" in the shop window, with never a thought thrown in the direction of their own peculiar adaptation to that gown.

Now that is just the point where individuality in dress begins and commonplaceness in dress leaves off. It is the point where you understand yourself.

There is a lovely little saying handed down from our ancestors—something to the effect that it is wicked to think too much about yourself and about your clothes. But that theory exploded with a bang some years back, and the reason for its blow-up was the procession of the endless crowd of American girls all of whom looked exactly alike. They were alike, though, only from a distance. At close range they stood out from their universally accepted garments in strange ways that were anything but beautiful.

The dress that has been designed for and fitted on a perfect sixteen of a slip of a girl took on a feeling of a stranger in a strange land when it landed on the figure of the girl who had grown to six feet, more or less, with development in proportion. It didn't make her look young or sweet or anything at all like that. It made her look funny. And the pathetic part was that she was serenely unconscious of the fact.

Now, if she had considered her own figure with care; if she had recognized and been justly proud of its peculiar beauties, then she would automatically have refused to accept that frock without a thorough adjustment of its vital organs. We are all good looking in our peculiar ways. But we can't, by the waving of a fairy wand and the wearing of a dress picked up at random, give ourselves the sort of good looks that the average model happens to have.

Then, know your own lines, understand your own figure, appreciate all of your own line points. And the selection of your clothes will become a new kind of joy to you. Also you will be taking your rightfully conspicuous place in the procession of American girls who are setting this new standard of quality and beauty in their dressing.

Next week on Monday, there will begin a series of articles in this paper which will point out the various types of girls and how each one should dress. You are asked to watch for your type and make a study of it if you have not begun to do that already. Even if you have, perhaps you will dig out an idea or two.

There are plenty of clothes on the market and the right thing for everybody, but the stunt is to find the right thing and to know it when you see it. That, if some examples seen upon the street can be counted for anything, is not so easy a trick to master. But it is a trick, after all, and once you have conceived an understanding of the general principle, the rest will be plain sailing.

You will be surprised, too, at the way your own type of dress improves. You will not mention the fact that your clothes will last longer. They live on because you like them. You are not forced to wear a dress with a hated horn of their unsuitability. You will lay a dress aside after a week or two of constant wear and in another week or two you will find yourself greeting it like a long lost friend—something with which you are anxious to renew acquaintance because of memories of its consistent success.

It is a humorous fact, but a fact none the less, that the thin girl always longs to wear the clothes designed for a fat girl. And that the tall girl rather fancies herself in the sub-sizes that her shorter sister should wear. But if she gives way to this abnormal impulse, she is lost. She wants to wear the other girl's things because sometimes she grows tired of carrying the same old figure about town with her, and she would like to be different. But she can't do it by donning a misfit dress. The only way she can achieve the variety that is haunting her is by knowing herself so well that she can create variety by developing individuality.

The most expensive of dressmakers spend their time nowadays studying the individualities of their customers and catering to them. You can do this for yourself by pursuing the fascinating study of yourself and your own lines and proportions. Every American girl has a good head for design and color and proportion and qualities of fabric. And every girl, I am sure, loves clothes down in her inmost heart. For clothes express beauty and who is there who does not wish to be beautiful?

Efficiency in dress—plus charm—makes a good working get-up. But charm alone (too many ribbons and lace and ruffles indiscriminately applied) is old-fashioned womanhood.

The Types Miss Wells Will Write About Next Week.

Monday
The Tall Girl.
Tuesday
The Short Girl.
Wednesday
The Thin Girl.
Thursday
The Stout Girl.
Friday
The Blonde.
Saturday
The Brunette.

Other types will follow—watch for yours.

Need a Tonic? Try a Little Music

Whets Appetite, Cures Laziness, Stops Worry, Even Soothes Pain.

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A FEW months ago Justice Eve of the Court of Chancery in London asked this question: "What good is music?"

The trustees of the estate of the late Sir Joseph Beecham had come to court with reference to the allowance by the trustees of £20,000 to Sir Thomas Beecham. They were asking for guidance as to whether they should continue the payments.

"Sir Thomas Beecham has spent a fortune in advancing music in this country," said the solicitor.

"Well, what good is that?" asked Justice Eve.

"That is a question on which opinions differ," retorted the counsel. "Your Lordship may not approve, but many people take an entirely different view. You must remember that there are a great many people who object to lawyers, so there is no allowing for tastes."

The counsel's answer, although droll, was efficacious.

We all have our own individual appreciation of music. On some jazz music has an effect; on others the soft and soothing waltz is more effective.

The news of the day will answer Judge Eve's question. "What good is music?"

Minneapolis sends this news to us: Stimulated by phonograph music, night clerks at the Minneapolis Post Office have increased their speed and accuracy. Postmaster E. A. Purdy, at the conclusion of tests covering a month's period, declared:

"We have found that classical and popular records abolished worry during the 'graveyard' shift from 7 P. M. to 3 A. M."

This story proves that music speeds up our mails—and we will all grant that that is a 100 per cent. asset.

Oscar U. Kelley of South Boston instead of taking ether while hospital surgeons were probing for a bullet in his thigh, called for his harmonica and played early while the bullet was being removed.

Unique psychological tests have been made at Yale to show the effects of music on human moods. The day

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

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PEGGY READS HER HEART.

I WAS after 12 when Peggy and Townley returned from their first stroll. As Peggy stood before her mirror and put up her bobbed hair in curlers her head was full of many thoughts.

Just as she would never forget that first walk with Townley. He had not made love to her, he had not held her hand or whispered one word of affection to her. And yet, all during their stroll she had felt like the original Eve in her garden of Eden walking beside Adam.

Never had she been so in tune with another human being. Sometimes they talked, sometimes they simply walked along, thinking their own thoughts. But during that walk Peggy felt older, more like a woman than ever before in her life.

"I know he loves me," she told herself. "He has loved me all these years while I have been growing up. He couldn't tell me of his love the first evening we ever spent together. But it was in his heart. Every time he poked a leaf with his stick he was thinking, 'Why can't I tell her now? How many more walks shall we have to take together before I may tell her? How many times shall we have to go to theatres and run about before I may open my heart?'"

Peggy twisted another bunch of hair into a curler and smiled. The soft light that came into her eyes when she thought about roses and first walks had given place to a rosy twinkle.

"A good many times, Mr. Mortimer Townley," she laughed. "You cannot win me in a moment, if at all. I believe I am interested in you, but I don't want to fall in love—yet. I don't want to marry and keep house and go shopping and play bridge for several years. I shall never forget our walk to-night. It was very beautiful, but I am not going to fall in love, desperately in love, just now. In a few moments Peggy was in

Specially Posed Models

Will Illustrate Margery Wells's Articles on This Page Every Day Next Week—Watch for Your Own Type—See What You Should Wear.

Coming and Going

That's How Modern Householder Gets Her Servants

The 1921 Hired Gals Only Want Sundays and Holidays Off, Plus Wed. and Sat. Matinees

By Neal R. O'Hara.

HOYLE carved rules for draw poker, stud and other games of no chance. Blackstone laid cornerstone of legal practice and data on plain and fancy ambulance chasing. Chesterfield was merchant prince of politeness and oracle of all "beg pardon" tactics. Nick Carter hatched data on gum shoe procedure and Queensberry unfurled set of directions for committing manslaughter above the belt. Good men and true men, all of 'em. But who laid down the book of rules in Domestic Servants' League?

Constitution gives servants their independence, but doesn't mention their Thursdays off. Bill of Rights assures 'em of freedom of speech, but has no clause regarding free lunch that Maggies serve every cop on the beat. Life, liberty and pursuit of happiness are highly mentioned in Declaration of Independence. But mads aren't guaranteed the right to oversleep.

Before servant gal agrees to park in your home, she wants holidays and Sundays off, plus Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Demands open plumbing for private bath and southern exposure for her boudoir. Also requires certified cream for her cereal, electrified machine for her washing and satisfied customers for her cooking. If everything else is O. K. she will be at home from 8 to 6, except for hours of recreation hereinafter provided in accordance with Servant Girls' Union rules.

Wages for maids and birth rate for mothers are only things that have not declined. Hired gal still wants \$15 a week for playing your phonograph and answering doorbell. There are 6,000,000 people unemployed, but 2,000,000 of 'em are down on our payrolls as servants. Problems of finding work for 'em is up to the mistress. Ducking it is their only job.

Servants in Cleveland's Administration swept the floors and made the beds, cooked the meals and did the washing. Were awarded afternoon and evening off when Moody and Sankey were town or when Barnum & Bailey played the annual date. Could entertain callers on back steps, so they wouldn't waste the gas. Rate of salary was \$3.50, provided crockery was intact and none of papa's handkerchiefs were missing. Those were the merry old days.

To-day the gals think a broom is just for Fawcett to clean his pipe stem. When Orientals need a sweeping, vacuum cleaner slips into high. Cook has fireless cooker for boiling meals and electric toy for burning toast. Only time she uses hands preparing breakfast is to wind the clock for soft-bolled eggs.

Second girl's idea of hard day is massaging silverware with scented polish. Even kicks at too much work if boss uses second knife for pie eating. Yet pay of down-trodden kitchen slave is not high, despite these tasks. Any one can get a modern servant for \$20 down and the same amount per week.

Maids now wander from house to house like vaudeville actor booked for forty weeks. If food is good and boss is handsome, gal may consent to extra week. One that stays for more than fortnight grabs gold service stripe for apron. If maid doesn't have the sleeping sickness, gets dose of ennui before second week. The biggest flaw in servant problem is that you get 'em coming and going, but never hold 'em in between.

Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

"Dear Miss Vincent: Have been going with a young man for two years and recently he has made dates to call, but failed to appear. I dropped him for some time. Then I went to a dance and he asked me to dance with him. He also escorted me home and has called on me several times since. Am I doing right by letting him call? He never speaks of love to me. "ANXIOUS."

The very fact that he does not speak of love proves that he is not a Keep it and renew your friendship. This is what he wants.